

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1795.

NUMB 379.

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FANNY: OR, THE HAPPY REPENTANCE.

[Continued.]

Lord Whatley made use of all those definitions which are so well known, and so ill-founded. Have you done, my Lord?—Yes. You seem to be very little acquainted with your subject, and perhaps you have forgot the principal parts of it. Does honor consist in keeping one's word?—Without dispute; and the weaker, and more defenceless the person is to whom that word is given, the more sacred a man of honor should hold his faith. Is it not, in short, the rankest, the most degrading vileness to break it, to betray in such an instance, and to snatch by treachery the rewards of truth? Would you, my Lord, make a purchase with false or forged bills?—At these words Whatley stormed with indignation.—Forged bills! But you, my Lord, have been guilty of an action a thousand times more base.—Draw, Sir! Hear me, and as soon as I have explained myself we will fight.—Though I had a thousand lives, and should lose them all by your hand, you would not be less culpable. Would you not forge a bill? Barbarous man! What did you then, when you imposed on innocence, love, and truth; When yielding to the dictates of your vile accomplices, under pretext of the most sacred and solemn oaths, you dishonored an unhappy creature, who received you into the arms of innocence, under the sanction of the altar?—What did you, when tearing in pieces the purest and tenderest heart? Your conduct was followed by death and ruin: When you brought an aged father to the grave with shame? Those unfortunate people, that were honored with the name of your dependents; who considered the bosom of their Lord as their asylum; whom you ought to have protected: And was it you that sacrificed them? You understand me: True love and innocence betrayed; your heart, yes, your heart itself, my Lord, if you dare look into it, all these will raise against you. You seem disturbed. Ah! said Lord Whatley, and a tear rose in his eye; too true! I have acted dishonorably; and this is what honor calls upon me to do. Upon this he threw down his sword. Embrace me, generous stranger: You open my eyes; you touch my heart; you bring me to myself: Then flying into his arms—Ah! tell me, tell me, said he, what is become of Fanny? Yes, I am indeed a wretch; the vilest of criminals. This, my Lord, is honor; it returns to your heart; and I acknowledge the man. Fanny and her family live in bitterness and misery: They have taken refuge with a relation, who supports them in their deplorable circumstances; and the unfortunate Fanny still loves you. Loves me, interrupted Whatley, with tears; still loves me!—Ah! Sir, let me see her; let me throw myself at her feet: Will you have the goodness to conduct me?

Ward, who had followed his friend at a dis-

tance, runs up to him, and finds him in tears. Come on, Sir, said Whatley; behold the triumph of sentiment!—Yes, I acknowledge myself culpable; and this gentlemen had a right to tell me that I could not with propriety talk of honor; he has opened my eyes, my friend, and I fly to repair the injury I have done. Whatley explained the circumstances of this adventure. Ward was outrageous, reproached him with meanness of spirit, and draws upon the very person who had brought him back to virtue. The stranger tries, by the strongest remonstrances, to evade fighting with the enraged Baronet; but at last, being constrained to it, cries, it was you, wretched Ward, who corrupted the virtuous Whatley. You oblige me to the crime either of sacrificing your life, or my own. Neither my words, nor my tears, (for I blush not to weep) have any effect upon you. Take then the consequence, or may my death soften your rigid heart, and bring you to repentance. Whatley would have parted them, but Ward would not hear him.

They fight: The stranger disarms him, and gives him back his sword, saying, Live, and enjoy the privilege of repentance. Whatley now made new efforts to appease his friend: But he fell with greater fury on his generous adversary, and at last received a mortal thrust that laid him on the ground. The stranger immediately took him by the arm, assisted by Whatley, who bathed his friend with tears. The conqueror gave himself up to the most piercing grief. O heaven! said he, with groans, that I should be guilty of such a crime! That I should shed human blood; the blood of a fellow creature! Ah! my Lord, continued he to Whatley, I partake in your distress: Sir Thomas Ward has involved me in this guilt; I ought rather to have let him run me thro' the heart: I never shall survive this accident. Whatley's servants came and took away the body of Ward, while his lordship and the stranger returned to town in the carriage, struck with the deepest concern and melancholy. The people in the neighborhood, who had been present at the combat, all depos'd in favor of the conqueror.—Whatley having recovered from his first emotions of grief, discovered at length that the person who had killed the Baronet, was an officer of birth, and distinguished for his merit and his bravery. He had retired from service, and lived like a true philosopher; that is, like a man who had the support of honor and virtue at heart. He employed the greatest part of his fortune in the relief of indigence: He avoided splendor, and lived under the productive and pleasing shade of his own integrity. His name was Windham. Whatley flew to his apartment; whom he no sooner perceived, than he cried, Ah! my Lord, I shall soon follow my unhappy victim to the grave. I cannot bear to think of this event; to think that I have deprived a man of his life! I ought to have evaded a circumstance so horrible. Fatal prejudice! How long shall it triumph over reason! Is it thus a man serves his country?—How nearly does such virtue border on a crime!

This worthy man was pierced with grief and melancholy; nevertheless, he recovers the health that he apprehended he should no longer enjoy. Whatley, while he bewailed the fate of his friend, was obliged to own that he alone had been to blame, and that he had obliged Windham to come to extremities. He was no less ready to acknowledge that the Baronet had been the cause of all his irregularities; that he had led him into that shameful treachery, the disgrace of his life: In one word that he had been the occasion of all Fanny's sufferings. These reflexions rendered the memory of Sir Thomas less dear to his friend.

Windham informed his lordship of the cruel behavior of Lord Darnton, with regard to the unfortunate Adams. What a description for Whatley! His soul had recovered all its honesty, all its sensibility. Windham was a kind of superior being, who rescued him from that gulph of depravity into which Ward had plunged him; and Whatley wished for nothing but the moment that should restore him to his Fanny, the only wife of his heart.

Windham related such circumstances as still heightened his impatience to see her. That worthy man, in travelling over the different counties of England, had been led by accident to the house of that clergyman with whom Fanny and her family had taken refuge. It was from them he learnt their misfortunes, and the perfidious behavior of Lord Whatley. Windham, with pleasure indulged his impatience; and they took their way to the village where the clergyman lived.

Whatley already felt the happiness of repairing his injuries, and at length they arrived: But what a thunder-stroke to the penitent Lord! They found the clergyman dead; and the place where Adams and his family had retired was unknown. It was only observed, that wherever they were, they must be very miserable.—This, cried Lord Whatley, is what I have done. I am the cause why these unfortunate people, perhaps, are now no more. It is I who have murdered the most adorable of woman. Let us go no farther, my generous friend! Here I will die: Here, where my Fanny has wept and reproached me. No, angelic creature! you never could love me after such enormities; my conduct is detestable even in my own eyes. Let us go, my Lord, said Windham, let us not idly give up our searches here. Why should we distrust the goodness of heaven? It is that which has opened your eyes. Let us believe that we are under the conduct of Providence, and that your Fanny will be restored to your arms, that you may make restitution for all the injuries you have done to her and her relations. Virtue has its rewards sometimes even in this world. Thus he encouraged the despairing Whatley: They pursued their journey, and made the most diligent enquiries.

Windham himself at length began to despair of success, and the unhappy Lord was in the greatest distress. They were on horse-back, and unattended, when they met a Baronet of Wind-

ham's acquaintance; he stopped a little to talk with him, and Whatley rode forward.

A child was weeping very bitterly at a little distance from the road. The poor innocent appeared to be about six or seven years of age. It had an air of delicacy which was touching, under the disadvantages of a poor dress. Its tears, its native comeliness, greatly moved his lordship. He looked upon the child with pity, and could not draw his eyes from it. What makes you weep, my little dear, said he? My poor mamma! she told me she should die soon, and she wept when she kissed me.—Mamma is very unhappy—We have nothing to live upon—Mamma cries, and grand-papa is sick in bed. Thus the child, with mingled tears and sighs, uttered its little complaints. Poor child! but your father, my dear—Oh! Sir, I never saw my papa: It is my papa that makes us all unhappy: Mamma often talks of him: She says she loves him, and shall love him as long as he lives: Though to be sure he has given us a great deal of trouble. She makes me pray to God for him every day. Poor papa is in a very bad way, added the child, weeping as if its little heart would break.

Lord Whatley was affected, and alighting from his horse, ran towards the child, who did not seek to shun him, but stretched out its arms to embrace him. Embrace, my little angel! you are a sweet child—And what are your parents? They work the field—Your mother too?—She is always the first that goes to work, Sir, though she has not much strength—She takes care of my grand-papa—I wish I were rich that I could help my poor mamma, she is so very good—And where do you live, my dear child?—Below there, Sir! Shewing him a wretched cottage. Will you go with me to your dear mamma? Oh! she would chide me, Sir! My mamma sees nobody. Fear not, said his lordship, still embracing the child, I will make your excuse. The child hesitated, looked at him, and gave him its hand—He took it into one of his, and with the other held his horse's bridle. Windham followed him at a distance. He went along with the child, who conducted him to a poor hut covered with thatch, and surrounded by a miserable hedge. A few paces from the cottage he saw a woman sitting upon the side of a ditch, with a matlock in her hand, and seemingly oppressed with fatigue and melancholy. The child goes up to her: Pray, mamma, do not chide me for bringing this gentleman, who wanted to see you. She looked up. Whatley fell at her feet: My dear Fanny. My Lord Whatley! She fainted away. Her child threw itself into her arms. And at the same moment Windham came up. Whatley first recovered. My dear Fanny! Is it you! O my friend! I have found the mistress of my heart. My excellent, my only love, see me at your feet! Lift up your eyes! Behold your lover! your husband—who repents from his soul! My dear Fanny to what a condition have I reduced you!

[To be concluded in our next.]



EPITAPH ON A HERMIT.

FOR years upon a mountain's brow,
A Hermit liv'd, the Lord knows how;
A robe of sackcloth did he wear,
And got his food, the Lord knows where;
Hardships and patience were his lot,
He often pray'd, the Lord knows what;
At length this holy man did die,
And left the world, the Lord knows why;
He's buried in this gloomy den,
And will arise, the Lord knows when.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO MISS M***** B*****.

If e'er for empire madly won
I sigh, old Clytus, to the floor
Transfix'd by Philip's maniac son,
Appears! I start, and sigh no more.
And when for beauty's rosy pride
The gods I foolishly implore,
They whisper how Adonis died,
And beauty is my prayer no more.
If gold and diamonds fix my breast,
I think on Midas' useless store,
On Lydia's virtuous king distrest,
On these I think and burn no more.
And when for wit denied I weep,
On hapless Hesiod's spouting gore,
And tender Sappho's fatal leap,
I fix my thought, and weep no more.
In every good, ah! must we still
Some dire attendant curse deplore,
Some stripe of interwoven ill,
That bids the bosom wish no more?
No!—unallay'd, all blessings meet
To form the fair-one I adore;
She's empire, beauty, wealth, and wit,
And all that man can covet more.

For THESE, 'tis mine to pray, to burn,
Th' impassion'd sigh of love to pour,
Till my cold ashes fill the urn—
'Tis thine to bid me weep no more.

ARMIN.

New-York, Aug. 12, 1795.

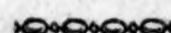


For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

S O L I T U D E.

ON the banks of a beautiful lake,
All sequester'd from trouble and care:
Where no feuds the blest mansions do shake,
And there's nought but true happiness near.
Where the mountains are cover'd with green,
Where the riv'lets go purling along:
Where all nature enchanting is seen,
And the warblers do join in the song.
The extent of each roving desire,
Should concener in such a sweet spot,
Where all beauty and pleasure conspire
To make ev'ry sorrow forgot.

New-York, Aug. 10, 1795. L. F.



For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

R E B U S.

TWO oppositions one initial have;
A place whose riches Solomom did crave:
A sea far distant from old ocean's bound;
A nation in the north of Europe found.
The place where once the mistress of the world
Her conquering ensign pompously unfurl'd:
A famous city in Hibernian ground;
A Macedonian hero, much renown'd:
A place, Columbia's glory and her pride,
Where the deep laden barque may safely ride,
And proudly mount upon the swelling tide. }
All these initials join'd, will form the name
Of her who kindles in each breast a flame,
In whom the virtues all conspicuous rise,
A fairer flower than bloom'd in Paradise.

Aug. 3. POETICUS.

[A solution is requested.]

THOUGHTS ON A RING, GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR BY A FRIEND.

HAIL, little type of constancy in love!
Thou fairest emblem of the blest above!
Where nought exists, & therefore nothing known,
But that pure stream that mingles all in ONE;
The source of Being whom Creation owns,
Existence' Fountain, and the Stars* its Suns.

Nor less a type of that Eternity,
Whose vast duration marks Infinity;
That endless round that no beginning knew;
That none can measure and no eye pursue;
In whose dark womb huge worlds in embryo lie,
All time absorbs and unborn ages die.

Sweet emblem too of nuptial union found,
Where faithful hearts by faithful hands are bound;
Where, knit in one, its joys are doubly great,
While griefs impart less half their weight:
Itself a type of bonds still more divine,
When Nature's God his new-born Church shall join!

Go, then, sweet toy, and let my friendship be
In all consistent, and a type of thee!

* The Angels.

ANNULUS.

THE MEDLEY.

A N E C D O T E.

WHEN Sir Thomas Moore was Ambassador from Henry VIIIth to the Emperor of Morocco, the morning he was to have an audience, he called for a bumper of sack, drank it, and asked for another; the servant would have dissuaded him from it, but could not; he drank that off, and afterwards a third: He then insisted on a fourth; but being over persuaded by his servants he let it alone. When he returned from his audience, "You rogue, (said he to his man) what mischief have you done me! I spoke so well to the Emperor, on the inspiration of the three glasses I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world: Now, you scoundrel, had I drunk the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern the whole world."

TRANPOSITIONS.
OVEL—if transpos'd aright
Will bring a noble theme to light.

ASP and SION—both cemented
Will spell what seldom is prevented.

HEART—if you transpose with care
An element it will appear.

A BUMPER TO HER I LOVE DEARLY.
D EAR woman, and wine, are the pride of my
heart,
To my Chloe—I drink it sincerely;
Tho' her eyes so killing, they thro' my soul dart,
Here's a bumper to her I love dearly.

HINTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

REFINEMENT in love is the very quixotism of philosophy; for the sexes of all animals unite on the same great principle; and for the same great purpose that plants grow, the sun shines, and rain falls.

Perfection of all kinds, natural as well as moral, seems in this world quite an exotic. Among the vast number of female faces which one sees every where in this metropolis, how rare is it to meet with one unexceptionably beautiful! And who knows not that blockheads compose the majority in every profession?

What is an author by profession but a spider, who lives on the product of his own bowels? And what is a critic, but a wasp, who demolishes without mercy his means of subsistence, and starves himself to death?

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15.

The Aurora, Bartlet, has arrived at Plymouth, in 42 days from Bilboa. It was not known at the time of her failing, that a Peace had been concluded between France and Spain. This intelligence makes the information of the establishment of peace between the court of Madrid and the Gallic Republic, less probable, than it before appeared. The province of Biscay having been long the theatre of the war between those powers, a suspension of hostilities, which generally attends negociation, would have made known to them, that peace was concluding: Besides, if a peace had been concluded at Paris, at the time mentioned, viz. the beginning of June, the French troops would then have been a sufficient proof to the inhabitants, of the adjustment of affairs between the two powers; and would have been known to Capt. Bartlet when he sailed, viz. 22d June.

Mr. Pinckney and a French Minister had then reached Victoria, from France, probably on a pacific mission.

Extract of a letter from Philadelphia, dated the 11th inst.

"Our last respects were by the mail of yesterday, since which the President of the United States returned from his seat in Virginia, and has this morning called together the Judges and his Council. They are now sitting, and various reports are in circulation. It appears to us to be the prevailing opinion, that the times are critical, and that it is by no means improbable that our country will be involved in difficulties, some say an embargo will take place." [Diary.]

PHILADELPHIA, August 11.

Late last evening a gentleman just arrived from New-Port, called on the editor and removed the doubts relative to dispatches from Mr. Munroe to Mr. Randolph having fallen into the hands of the British, and having been opened by them. The circumstances of which are as follows:

The dispatches were on board an American vessel that fell in with the British ship Argonaut, the Capt. of which took her and sent her to Halifax, having opened the dispatches and sent a copy of them by her. The Argonaut afterwards put the originals on board a vessel bound to the same place; and in the care of a British officer named Aphorop. This vessel was taken by the French privateer Coquette, and sent into New-Port. There our informant saw the open dispatches in the hands of Mr. Gardner, who, said he had read them, and mentioned some important parts of a very lengthy letter from Mr. Munroe.

Mr. Munroe writes, that the treaty had come directly to the knowledge of the French Government, who were much dissatisfied with it. The Committee of Safety called upon him for further information, which he owned he could not give, telling them he had nothing to do with it, that it was an operation of his government out of his province, for which he could not therefore be accountable. He mentions his situation to have altered materially in consequence of the jealousy the treaty had created.

The packet contained also a letter from our Consul at Bordeaux, nearly to the same purport as Mr. Munroe's.

This information is important as it exhibits another trait of the friendly regard of the British for us, and also as it gives an insight into the disposition produced in France by our proposed treaty with Britain.

August 12.
The President of the United States arrived in town yesterday at noon.

Yesterday arrived in this city from Charleston, via Baltimore, John Rutledge, Esquire, Chief-justice of the United States.—Judges Cushing, of Massachusetts, and Paterson, of New-Jersey, are also in town.

BOSTON, August 8.

We learn from Providence, by a gentleman from thence, that Capt. Home, of the Africa man of war, had written a letter to Gov. Fenner, requiring leave to purchase provisions at Newport; demanding the release of a Lt. Aphorop, a British officer, who he had heard was confined in Rhode-Island; and requiring permission to land a body of men to search after some deserters from the Africa—whom he expected would be well treated, as if they were insulted, he would warp the Africa into the harbour to defend them. To this letter, we learn, Gov. Fenner sent a spirited answer, informing that he had no knowledge of any of the occurrences mentioned in the letter, and imitating that he should meet Capt. Home upon any occasion. Gov. Fenner we are told, immediately communicated Capt. Home's letter to the President of the United States.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

THE eight lines from R. T. entitled a Sonnet, have merit, and shall be inserted next week; but the Printer must observe, every writer ought to know that a Sonnet consists of exactly fourteen lines.—The Anecdote by W. might have been good, but it is very badly told.—He has inserted ARMIN and anticipates many good things from his pen.—DERMOT and AVNIA is received; the author is requested to revise it, and then, if he will furnish a fair and correct copy, it shall be inserted with pleasure. He acknowledges the receipt of numerous Enigmas and Rebus's, which will be attended to in due order, tho' he thinks them rather hackney'd.

His correspondents, in general, he hopes will not be offended, if at any time he should delay, or even reject some of their productions, as a variety of reasons may operate to render such conduct sometimes necessary, without the least imputation to their talents: It is his inclination as well as duty to give every possible satisfaction; but, that he can gratify every body is not to be expected; in short, tho' he is thankful for communications, he must be permitted to decide for himself on all occasions.

2000 Most Elegant French and English Prints,

FOR SALE, by the subscriber, at the Museum, in colours and black—This is the largest collection every exhibited to view in this country, and consists of near 500 different subjects, they are of all sizes and forms, there is a specimen of each subject bound in a book, and the prices affixed to each, the prices are from 1s. to 8 dollars, GARDINER BAKER.

N. B. Persons wishing to examine the prints will please to turn to the left hand at the head of the stairs in the front room.

August 15th.

To Printers.

Three FOUNTS of TYPES, consisting of Pica, Small Pica, and Paragon, For Sale at this Office, cheap for Cash.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.

A N active Lad of about 14 or 15 years of age, and of reputable connections, is wanted at this Office.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

At South Hempstead, Long Island, the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. RICHARD TATERSON, to Miss BETSEY ROGERS of Cow-Neck.

TOBIAS LEAR, Esq. to Mrs. FANNY WASHINGTON, of Mount Vernon.

In this city a few days ago, by the Rev. Dr. Kuntzie, Mr. JOHN CORKILL, to Miss POLLY DENMARK.

On View,

No. 77,

Near the

A pleasing and

For Sale,

Cherry Street,

New-Slip.

general assortment

Of Elegant, Ancient and Modern, Prints, Books & Pamphlets

ANY article may be purchased on moderate terms. Therefore those ladies and gentlemen who may wish to furnish their apartments with beautiful prints or add to their library, will find in this collection such subjects as are not to be met with in the stores of New-York. The proprietor solicits those who incline to purchase, to make early application, as he intends leaving this place on Saturday next.

N. B. A written catalogue may be seen at the place of sale, where attendance will be given from six to ten o'clock in the morning, and from three to six in the evening.

August 15, 1795.

FOR SALE,

A Good two story frame House, situated in Chatham-street, No. 47, containing six rooms, an excellent cellar kitchen, a good yard with a large cistern in it, and is an excellent stand for a grocer.—Also a two story frame House, No. 6, Augustus-street; has a very large yard and useful improvements: both on Corporation lease ground. For Further particulars enquire on the premises.

August 8, 1795.

78---tf.

Christopher Bennet, Tailor,

No. 4, Peck-slip,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends for their past favors, and hopes for a continuance. He likewise informs the public that he carries on the above business in the neatest and most fashionable manner, and upon the most reasonable terms.—N. B. Gentlemen who wish to be furnished with articles in his line will please to give notice and they will be served.

Aug. 8.

78 tf

THREE or Four Painters will meet with constant employ and Good Wages, enquire of Anthony Ogilvie, upper end of Cherry-street.—Also, Two or Three Apprentices wanted, apply as above.

June 20.

tf

A Complete set of the DIARY, from the commencement to this date, for sale at this Office.

FIG BLUE,

Manufactured and Sold, at No. 64, Nassau-Street

SIGN PAINTING, GILDING & GLAZING,
By JOHN VANDER POOL,
No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-slip.

Court of Apollo.

BLUNDER O'WHACK.

COME listen awhile and I'll sing you a ditty,
Shall make every soul of you laugh till you cry,
And own you ne'er heard of a tale half so pretty,
As what I'm begining to tell by and by;
Its all about Blunder O'Whack of Kilkenny,
Who took once from Dublin to London a trip,
For staying at home why I thought it all blarney,
So set off and walk'd all the way in a ship.

With my Whack, &c.

For I'd an ould uncle I tell you my honey,
Who died in the morning one night t'other day,
And he very civilly left me al's his money,

Because, why, he could'n well take it away;
So when I had money I rode it in chaises,

And look'd very big upon those that had none,
For he that has no cash may walk if he pleases,
Or if that don't please him, why then he must run.

With my Whack, &c.

So to London I came, and I thought it so pretty,
To see the folks crowding along in the street,
Where a body may walk from the strand to the city

And run up against every soul that you meet;
And then there's the gentry so nate and so nimble,

As if to the busines they born were and bred,
Who can slip off a watch, or a purse, or a thimble,
Or your pocket can pick, of the hat off your
head. With my Whack, &c.

Then there's Huges's and Astley's odd whimsies
and capers,

Where horses have every perfection but speech,
And the jockies all ride as you read in the papers,
On THREE HORSES AT ONCE, with A LEG UP
ON EACH;

And there's your sieges and battles so clever,
Where wooden batallions all join in the strife,
And soldiers of pasteboard each other dislever,
And all the DEAD men looks as natural as LIFE.
With my Whack, &c.

Then for Dublin I travell'd all night and all day,
While the ship in the water was led such a dance,
That somehow we found she'd mistaken her way,
And instead of dear Dublin we landed in France;
Where, if a man dare his opinion to mention,
Before he can speak it they chop off his head!
For those ugly spalpeens that are call'd the Convention,
Never try a poor fellow till after he's dead.
With a Whack, &c.

And so by my conscience I left them behind, Sir,
And soon made the best of my way from the south;
For how did I know but they might be so kind, Sir,
As to send home O'Whack with his head in
his mouth.

And to London return'd, I was pleas'd d'yee see Sir,
To think from those blood-hounds I safe had
got back,
For if they had happen'd to Guillotine me, Sir,
'Twould have spoil'd all the singing of Blunder
O'Whack. With a Whack, &c.

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and
the public, that he continues to carry on the
UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BU-
SINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Ve-
sey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of
their favors, which by a strict attention to busi-
ness he will endeavor to deserve. One or two
youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Ap-
prentices.

Feb. 14, 1795.

BOOKS.

Just received, per the Fanny, Capt. Blain, from

Glasgow, and for sale by

JOHN HARRISON,

At his Book-Store & Printing-Office, No. 3, Peck-slip,

QUARTO Bibles, with Plates, Apocrypha,

and Psalms,

Pocket do. fine paper, elegantly bound, 2 vols.

do. do. plainly do. 2 vols.

do. do. in one neat pocket vol.

New Testament, large print, octavo,

Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion

in Scotland, elegant edition, quarto,

New Geographical, Commercial, and Historical

Grammar, 2 vols.

Davies Sermons, 3 vols. octavo,

A great variety of the newest Song Books,

A large assortment of Plays and Pamphlets,

Blank Books of all Kinds,

Pocket, Memorandum, and Receipt books,

Copperplate Copy Books,

Best gilt quarto Writing Paper, common do. best

foolscap do. common do.

Wafers, Sealing Wax, Quills, & Ink-Powders,

Black Lead pencils, Ink Stands, Slates,

Playing Cards, Message do.

Penknives, India Ink, India Rubber,

Patent Cake and Liquid Blacking for boots and

shoes, &c. &c.

Also, just received, a large Assortment of

CHILDRENS BOOKS.

Hærem Oil, Turlington's Balsam, Prentiss's
Balsam for Corns, Godfrey's Cordial, and
Anderson's Pills.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Price 3s. And for Sale at this Office, as also at
the store of P. Burtell, Book Binder, Beek-
man-street, and at No. 88, corner of George
and Nassau-streets.

B E L I S A R I U S:

A Tragedy, by Mrs. Margareta V. Faugeres.

Note. As several Ladies and Gentlemen who
subscribed for this work, have changed their
places of residence since the proposals were issued,
they are respectfully informed, that by sending
to either of the above mentioned places,
they may be supplied immediately.

July 16, 1795.

75—tf.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURED

BLACK LEAD POTS,

EQUAL to any imported and cheaper.—
BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for
the purpose of blackning Franklin stoves, and
irons with brass heads; planes of various sorts,
good glue, brands of copper or cast iron, of any
description, screw augers, pots, kettles, griddles,
pye-pans, iron tea kettles, wool and cotton cards,
&c.—Also, a general assortment of

IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on rea-
sonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN.

No. 2, Beekman-street.

S A M U E L * A L L E N, MERCHANT TAYLOR,

R E SPECTFULLY informs his friends and the
public in general, that he has commenced business
at No. 281, Pearl-Street, where all orders will be
thankfully received and punctually attended to.

N. B. He has on hand an elegant assortment of
superfine cloths and cassimeres of the best quality, also,
striped, clouded, plain and twilled nankeens; and a
variety of elegant muslin and musinet, plain and
printed west shapes, fattins, Marcellas quilting, and
many other articles too tedious to mention.

New-York, May 9, 1795.

65.—tf.

UNITED STATES

L O T T E R Y,

For the improvement of the City of
WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a few
days: Tickets may be had by applying
at D. DUNHAM's Store, No. 26, Moore-Street,
near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York;
where Tickets in the last and present Lottery
will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a scheme of the Patterson Lottery for
establishing useful Manufactures, may be seen by
applying as above.

N. B. Specie given for Jersey Money. 41 1/2

WALTER M'BRIDE, Windsor Chair Maker.

CONTINUES to carry on the above business
at No. 63, Pearl-Street, near the Exchange.
Also chairs japanned any colour and neatly flow-
ered. All orders from town or country punctu-
ally attended to and thankfully received.

July 18.

75.—tf.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and
the public that she continues to carry on the
STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINA-
RY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-
street, (the premises she has engaged for 6 years)
where she hopes for the continuance of those fa-
vors which it will be her constant endeavors to
deserve.

Handsome and Airy APARTMENTS to
Let, apply as above.

PRINTERS INK,

MANUFACTURED and sold by JACOB
FEE, No. 1, Magazine-street, near the
Tea-Water-Pump, New-York.

LYCETT and PALMER,

Japanners and Ornamental Painters,
No. 137, William-street.

JAPAN all kinds of chairs, bed-pillars, wash-
hand stands, toilet tables, bed and window cor-
nices, neater and cheaper than paper. Paint all
sorts of ornamental work. Burnished Gilding,
on Glass, elegantly executed.

N. B. Orders for the above articles from any part
of the continent punctually attended to.

A Person who speaks and writes the French,
Portuguese and Spanish languages, wishes
for a situation, either as Tutor in a private fami-
ly, Clerk in a Store, or Assistant in an Acad-
emy.—Enquire of the Printer.

August 1, 1795.

77—tf.

SHIP PAINTING,

By ANTHONY OGILVIE.

Cherry-Street, near the Ship Yards.

AND every other kind of Painting executed
in the most elegant manner, at the shortest
notice, on terms as reasonable as any in this city.
Window Glass 12 by 10, 11 by 9, 8 by 10, and
7 by 9, Oil, Paints, Putty, and every article in
the Painting and Glazing line for sale. 61.—tf.

UMBRELLAS.

THREE boxes French Umbrellas, of differ-
ent sizes and colors; just received from Bor-
deaux. Also, a few English Umbrellas of a su-
perior quality, with brass slides, and a general
assortment of fresh imported DRY GOODS, for
sale upon reasonable terms, at No. 102, William-
street, by WILLIAM CAVERLY,

Who has likewise for sale thirty-one firkins of
Fresh Butter.

July 17.

74—tf.